

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXV.—No. 14. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

MARCH 13, 1910.

Prosperity demands of us more prudence and moderation than adversity.
CICERO.

TAKE COURAGE.

THEY'VE never named a place
Where courage turned aside;
And all the world can clearly trace,
And all the world can show with pride,
The paths that he has tried.

So, Master Courage, when
You give the word, let's go,—
Strong in the strife with earnest men,
Let's fare the best we may, and grow
Unto the best we know.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

ALL who love—and who could fail to do so?—the picture of little Penelope Boothby and her companion pictures, "The Strawberry Girl" and "Simplicity," will surely wish to know something about the children themselves, and also about the famous painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Little Penelope Boothby has been described as a beautiful child with golden hair, and eyes as blue and bright as sapphires. They look black, of course, in the engravings with which we are so familiar, and we are so apt to think of her as dark-haired and dark-eyed that it is hard to fit the description to the picture.

Her parents were wealthy, and it is said that the painter first saw her sitting under a beech tree in her father's park, and took the sketch for the famous picture without her being aware of it, though she afterwards sat for it. She looks like a sedate little body; but it has been shrewdly remarked that there is a great deal of fun pursed up behind those prim lips, and that the hands folded so demurely in her lap may have been, indeed were, often employed in childish mischief.

Penelope died while still a child, but to us she is a living person. It seems as if Sir Joshua had enchanted rather than painted her. A few touches of those magic wands, his brushes, and she was transfixed to his canvas to be our delight to-day,—“a child that is always a child.”

The original of the “Strawberry Girl” was the painter's niece, Theophila Palmer, whom he loved as a daughter. She, also, was the child of wealthy parents. When a real strawberry girl came to the house to sell her fruit,



SIMPLICITY—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

“Offy,” as she was called, who delighted in her play to enact scenes from real life, twisted a scarf around her head, threw a silk handkerchief over her shoulders for a shawl, and, hanging a basket on her arm, suddenly appeared

before her artist uncle, so charming a *tableau vivant* that he could not rest until he had transferred it to canvas.

It is said he painted the “Strawberry Girl” several times, but never quite realized his

LITTLE BIRD BLUE.

LITTLE BIRD BLUE, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snow banks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow trees over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue!

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring-beauties and liverwort
grow;
We're sure they will peep when they hear your
first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue?

Youth's Companion.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

BY MARGARET BANCROFT BEATLEY.

AWAY up in Canada there is a little fisherman whom few know about. This little man is now three years old, and for three summers has lived near a beautiful bay. His parents have a delightful summer home on an island in this bay. Here Edward's grandparents love to visit. When grandpa came, he brought with him a motor-boat, which he called the "Woodpecker." He had learned to run it and proposed to spend many happy hours on the water. His daughter learned to run it, too, and, whenever that little boat went out, Edward was sure to go.

Edward was surely a most beautiful baby, about eight months old and able to sit up. When he went out in the "Woodpecker," he used to sit in a basket covered with a nice warm shawl. Here he would watch the engine go and hear the funny noise it made. He thought all this delightful, and would smile and coo and tell in his baby way how happy he was. But best of all was the fact that grandpa had a funny-looking long rod with a string on the end of it. This was a fishing-rod with which grandpa caught many fish. He would often say, "Now, Edward, watch." Then he would put some bait on the hook and say, "The fishes like this and will come to eat it, and then something will happen." The rod was put out and the interest began. "Watch the line, Edward." Very soon the line would begin to wiggle a little as if some one was pulling on it, and Baby Edward would begin to laugh and think it great fun. Then all of a sudden up would come the rod, and grandpa would land a nice big fish. Flip-pity-flop-pity-flip-flop would go the fish; and baby would laugh, and grandpa would say: "Hold still, old fellow. I've got you, and you can't go back to your friends." So then the fish would stay in the bottom of the boat and flop about a little. Meanwhile, grandpa's success would continue. In time there were less fish in the bay than there were at the first of the summer. So many had been caught that those which were left felt lonesome and wondered what had happened to those which went up—up—up somewhere never to return.

The next year Edward had grown a great deal, and didn't have to sit in a basket. He



THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

(See Story.)

used to go astern and watch grandpa and that mysterious rod, and wish he were big enough to fish. His grandpa had promised him a rod and told him he would teach him to fish just as soon as he was big enough. So Edward was happy in the thought that some day he, too, could do what grandpa did.

The next summer grandpa came again, and with him brought a long package, which much interested the boy. "What was it?" "Well, we'll see," said grandpa. In a few days the "Woodpecker" went out on a fishing trip, and in it was a very happy little boy. When they got into the middle of the bay, grandpa stopped the engine and let down the anchor and made preparations for fishing. All the time Edward had been watching the rods and wondering why there were two. Finally, grandpa said: "Edward, you are nearly three and are getting real big. This year you are large enough to have that fishing-rod and catch your own fish." Of course Edward was very much pleased and looked up in his grandpa's face and smiled. Grandpa thought he'd better catch a fish first to encourage Edward. He pulled it up and said, "Now, young man, I'll help you with your rod, and show you how to fish."

Edward was very much excited. Grandpa showed him how to put the bait on. Then he lowered it into the water and waited expectantly. In a minute the line jerked and pulled, and grandpa said, "Pull up the rod." All the time Edward's face wore the most earnest and interested expression. He was on the alert for whatever should happen. When he pulled up the rod, his face fairly beamed as he watched to see if he really, truly, had a fish. Sure enough, there was a fish, and grandpa said, "Well done, my little man."

Grandpa took the fish off, and Edward, in great excitement, tried again. He continued to

pull in the fish. When they reached home, he ran to his mother, saying:

"I caught five fish for you for dinner, and you and grandma must eat them all."

Mother said she would, and she told him they tasted all the better because he had caught them. Grandma thought they were delicious.

The neighbors all about called him "The Young Fisherman" and told him they hoped he'd do even better than his grandfather, and establish himself in the fishing business. Edward's father, however, shakes his head. He has other plans for this enterprising young fisherman of three.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE VANISHING POPCORN.

BY INEZ DEJARNATT COOPER.

THE popcorn was planted, and keenly the children watched its growth; for the teacher, Mr. Strong, who had given it to them at the beginning of the spring term, had promised a prize at the close of the fall term to the child whose seed brought the greatest yield.

This was the first popcorn the neighborhood children had ever seen; for it was during pioneer days in Arkansas, where cleared land was too precious to use for anything save necessities, and where trees grew tall and thick. So dense was the woods that on cloudy days it was really twilight in the great forest through which Sadie Wheeler and her brother Robert had to pass to go to school. There were wild animals in those days, too; but they were not afraid of any but the panthers, and none had been seen in the district for three years.

"It will burst open, white like snow!" exclaimed Johnnie Maxwell one morning as the children were crossing the stepping-stones on the way to school; and, as usual, talking about the popcorn.

"I know it," replied Robert, "for I tried it. I popped half of mine just to see."

"Every kernel of mine was planted," said Sadie, catching at Robert's coat to keep from slipping on a very smoothly washed stone. "It could be, for Robert gave me half that he popped," she finished, when they had safely crossed the stream.

Unlike the other children, Sadie could not see her corn, for it grew on the border of their field which skirted the dark wood along the Big Bend road; but Robert, who often hoed it, brought glowing reports, and she passed it when she went to Sabbath school, and she saw that it grew and grew until it was in the milk.

Like Robert, Johnnie worked his corn himself, and he boasted that no girl could get ahead of him, assuring the other children that they should see by and by who came out ahead. Later, Sadie's corn began to disappear. Sadie thought of Johnnie's hint and his boast, and, try as she would, she could not help suspecting him.

Presently the other children began to whisper about the matter, and, when Johnnie's friends approached him concerning it, he was sullen and would offer no explanation. Finally, nearly half of Sadie's corn, and with it the hope of winning the prize, was gone.

The summer term opened, and the smaller children were again in school, the older ones staying at home during this season to work. Although the houses were so far apart that the children saw each other only at school and church, they did not now enjoy the companionship, much as they had looked forward to it; for the boys and girls "took sides," and

before long there raged a feud, the first in the neighborhood, and that among the tiniest citizens.

One day Johnnie had an errand to his grandmother's. The way led through the woods on the Big Bend road where Sadie's corn was planted. He walked ahead of the Wheeler children, for they did not speak now. Still, Sadie and Robert kept near him, for all had a feeling of terror when passing through the dark wood.

Presently they came to the hazel brush which grew on the skirt of the field. It was lighter, and now they breathed more freely. There was no fence to that part of the field, and they walked close to the fast-diminishing popcorn, whose tall stalks and foliage rustled mournfully in the wind. Suddenly at a crackling Johnnie ran towards them, pale as a ghost.

Thinking of a panther, the other children paled, too, and Robert, whipping out his knife, grasped more tightly the club, which he never failed to have with him when going through the dense woods. They shrank quickly into the hazel brush and waited. Johnnie, who crouched next to Sadie, clasped her wrist so tightly that it hurt her, and pointed in the direction from which the noise came.

Craning her neck and looking with frightened eyes, Sadie beheld a bear—a brown one,—standing on his hind legs, with his arms, or fore feet, rather, full of the much-discussed popcorn.

Just then there was a loud whinny, and the bear, more frightened, if possible, than the children, dropped the corn and scurried away, while a moment later the mail-carrier and his horse Queen, who was anxious to finish her long drive and get home to her oats, drove into the opening.

The frightened but reconciled children told what had happened, and the carrier walked his horse slowly until they had passed the woods, so that they would have company.

The next day, when the children told their adventure at school, there was great rejoicing.

"And now," said Mr. Strong, "as it was thought that the prize would have gone to Sadie, would it not be as well to have the money divided and get a prize for each? Bad-luck times are occasions when people have to stand by each other in a pioneer country."

Sadie, timidly, but with sparkling eyes, stood on her feet. This was the first time she had ever spoken in school without being called on.

"Please, sir," she said, "Johnnie was the one who had the bad luck, for some of us thought that he"—she turned very rosy and her brown eyes filled as she uttered the last words—"that he took my corn." She sat down after this speech with trembling lip.

"Besides," said the practical Robert, bounding to his feet, "Johnnie's going to give her part of his corn."

Mr. Strong's eyes had a suspicious moisture, but his mouth was smiling,

"I guess you children will do for a pioneer country," he said.

For Every Other Sunday

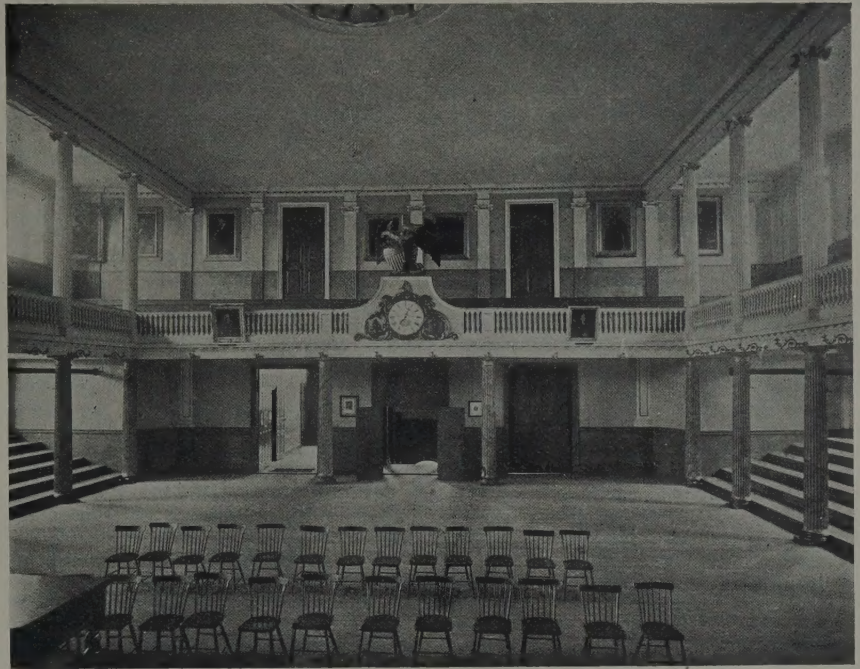
A BOY AT CHURCH.

BY SPECTATOR.

AT first he sat very quiet, this curly-haired little fellow, with the big blue eyes.

His gaze wandered from the large organ to the minister, from the story-windows to the choir, then back again to the organ.

From time to time he glanced at his mother, who seemed to have forgotten all about him.



FANEUIL HALL, INTERIOR, BOSTON.

(See Article.)

Her white glove was lying loose in her lap. He wondered. Yes, he had it, and his mother had not noticed. He counted his own fingers and then the fingers of the gloves. Two fives.

Carefully he tried to put it on, but somehow one big finger would stand away out from the rest, and he could find none of his own to put into it. They had all found a place, because the little finger had crawled in with the ring finger.

He spanked the naughty glove-finger, but it always flopped out just like his Jack when he pushed him into his box. That made him smile, to think of Jack. Hastily he put the glove back, for what would happen if he should laugh aloud?

The lady in front of him was wearing a feather boa which had slipped down over the back of the pew. Bending forward slightly, he formed his lips into the whistle shape and blew—oh, ever so lightly! How the little feathers danced! Excepting that they were tight at one end, they acted just like the run-a-way snowflakes.

He was about to blow once more, when he felt his mother's hand on his arm. Obediently he settled back. The minister had stopped talking, and now another man, the superintendent, mother said, was reading from a piece of paper. There was something about a prayer-meeting, a Young People's Guild, and then:

"Mrs. J. Allen cordially invites the ladies of the Sewing Circle to meet at her home, 415 Lake, on Wednesday afternoon of this week, for an informal tea."

With pleasant surprise shining from his face, he turned to his mother and said, so that all might hear, "Why, mother, that's you, isn't it?"

The republic is formed upon the equality of all the citizens.
TURGOT.

For Every Other Sunday.

HISTORIC BOSTON.

BY MRS. J. ELLINGTON MCGEE.

I.—Faneuil Hall.

I AM sure that a number of the boys and girls will enjoy some little talks about the interesting places in and around Boston that I have recently visited. Of course, you all know where Boston is, and could find it on your maps in a moment, and perhaps you know, too, that no city in our great country has more historic and literary fame.

I shall tell you first about Faneuil Hall. It is always spoken of as the Cradle of Liberty, because, when the British were oppressing the American colonists by unjust taxation and were trying to rob them of their rights as citizens, great public meetings were held at Faneuil Hall, and hundreds of indignant citizens met and expressed their determination not to submit to British tyranny. It was such meetings as these that so stirred men that they were ready to take up arms to secure their liberty as a nation, and thus the war of the Revolution came about.

England, thinking that she could easily force the colonists into submission, sent over two regiments of British troops to preserve order. The troops marched through the city, and Boston was very much excited and at first refused to furnish them quarters. The citizens gave in at last, though, and one regiment was assigned quarters in Faneuil Hall.

But I must tell you how this old hall happened to be built. The city market house had been destroyed by a mob, and there was a great discussion as to whether a new one should be built. Just as this time Peter Faneuil, a very rich man, proposed to build a market house and town hall at his own expense, on the condition that it should always be maintained for the purpose named. The city accepted the

generous offer, and named it in honor of him. This was in 1742. This structure was nearly destroyed by fire in 1762, but rebuilding proceeded at once, using the old walls. An enlargement was made in 1805, under the direction of the famous architect Bulfinch, and new galleries introduced.

It looks old-fashioned now, for it is in a very busy part of the city. The lower part of it is used as a market, and always will be. The upper part is a beautiful hall. I enjoyed quietly sitting down in one of the chairs and thinking how many great men had spoken from the platform, among them being James Otis, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and William Lloyd Garrison. See what you can find out about each one of these men.

Then there were great state dinners given here to such men as George Washington, Lafayette, Jerome Bonaparte, Tallyrand, and King Louis Philippe.

The hall has broad galleries, supported by white columns. All the woodwork is painted white, so that the appearance of the hall is bright and cheerful. I noticed a very handsome clock which was presented by the school children in 1850.

The third floor is used as an armory and has some interesting relics. I saw many Revolutionary guns, and the drums used at the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Paul Revere's tea caddy. I also saw the suit in which George Washington sat for the portrait you so often see. It consists of white cloth knee breeches and vest, and blue cloth coat.

Faneuil Hall is very plain on the outside, and painted yellow. It has a cupola, on the vane of which is a quaint, gilded grasshopper with glass eyes, made in 1742 in imitation of one on the Royal Exchange in London, England. This historic building will probably stand for years; for, according to the city charter, it may never be sold or leased. It is used, free of charge, for all kinds of meetings, so that strikers, Chinese, Italian, and all sorts of men assemble here at different times.

In the upper hall is a white marble tablet, on which the following is written:

Greeting.

Each visitor to Faneuil Hall
May on the Superintendent call.
You'll welcome the Visitor's book.
It lies on the table, you may look,
And read the name of many a son
And daughter, too; then write your own.
No fee to pay. With each New Year
We print how many folks come here.

The book for 1908 stated that there had been more than eleven thousand visitors. As I signed my name, I noticed that the visitors were from all parts of the country, and quite a number from Europe.

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause,
By making it our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.

It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note with all their waywardness
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win.
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CANE.

BY ABBY JAQUITH.

I WAS born in Birchland. No date rests in my memory of the first opening of my eyes in this wonderland, but of course I was a little bud, then a spray, which grew into a little twig. My first consciousness of existence was felt when I really began to notice my trunk growing in the warm spring air and my branches, like playful arms, were swaying to and fro in the soft breezes. I was dressed so prettily in delicate green, and I had lovely curls. I was somewhat vain of the latter, but the harm was not of long duration, for, as the summer approached, they were all shorn, and darker clothes were put upon me, which were necessary for the duties of my woodland career.

In the autumn I wore brighter colors, and then the general suit of crispy brown for a short time, until frost and wind undressed and put me to my winter's rest. Thus I continued to live for a few happy years, nestling among my family with the aspiration for growth and beauty which older members seemed to possess.

One day there came a sharp pain in my side, like the cutting of a knife, and my senses were taken from me. When I revived, a new existence had opened upon me. I no longer lived among my birth relations or was free in the open air. I was standing, short and shorn, in the corner of a small entry. It was a queer little room, and I knew well enough it must be a part of a house built long ago when the Indians roved with freedom about the land. The old stairway was against a chimney huge enough to give shelter to a whole tribe, should they be wandering still this way. The cellar door looked as if it might lead to some dreadful dungeon.

Amazement seized me, and I began to feel terrified, when a door opened near to me, and the weary step of a poor old man approached and I felt his hand upon me. I could not scream, for my voice failed, so, remaining as passive as possible, I allowed his touch upon my head. I soon found it was a friendly hand and one that meant me no harm, but sought my companionship in a walk he was about to take. Verily, I had become a cane,—a staff for his comfort in declining age.

We started out together, and, though my sphere was so new and strange to me, I soon realized there was pleasure in it also. His errand was to a neighbor's, and he allowed me to enter the house with him. It was a dear old lady who greeted him. She was old only in years, for, though her hair was snow-capped, her form was erect and stately, and her eyes beamed with rare intelligence. It was pleasant to see the kindly greeting between them, for they had for many years been neighborly friends. I could not forbear listening to the cheery words she spoke to the poor old man

and the thoughtful interest she bestowed upon him.

She said nothing to me, but, when she looked at me, I thought she seemed pleased that he had something to go about with him. When we turned to go away, there was a secret hope in my heart that we might often go to see this lovable person. My wish was granted, for daily we repeated the call; and I helped all I could to support the old man to carry his little pail of milk, which was the reason of his errand. Of course, I did not drink any of the milk myself, for I could live without it; but, as I leaned up in my corner and peeped through the door which was left open, I smiled to see how little of it was put into his own tea and coffee and how much more went into the saucer for his only companion, the cat, named Ben.

In these days when there is so much being said about the perpetuation of memorials by art, if I had a voice for public hearing and a cane had money to use, I should strongly approve of, even advocate, a statue of Pussy Ben and his poor old master together. How fond they were of each other! When the old man sat in his rickety arm-chair (he would not give up the chair because they had grown rickety together), Ben would leap into another chair near to him and crouch down in slumber until his master had a hard fit of coughing, when he would leap down and get as close to him as possible, as much as to say, "I would help you if I could."

There were many other walks we took together. One was up a long, long hill, and I always knew when we were going that way, for the old man would go through a long, low-ceiled kitchen and take a basket on his arm. At first I used to wonder what he would put into it, but I soon learned. At the top of this long hill and away beyond it was such a beautiful pond, bordered with lovely lilies,—pond lilies, so truly named. When the basket was filled with the flowers, we started back. But the poor old man, tired as he was, looked so happy with his treasure that I thought how much he loves flowers. But he loved them best to give away. At every house which he passed he drew a bunch of the lilies from the basket, and, if he saw any one who lived there, he put them in their hands; but, were they not in sight, he laid them at the door for a happy surprise when one should open it. After resting a short time at his home, he would take up the basket again and walk on another mile to the village, and scatter the fragrant deed until no more remained, when he would return home and rest.

A gift brought to his door one day by a kind neighbor contented him much to lessen his wanderings to and fro. When the oxen and the cart, laden with the trimmings of an apple orchard, halted beneath the old elm in front of his house, how his eyes kindled with delight! It would be such a pleasant pastime to cut into kindlings the little twigs, and the work was easy for his strength, and every passer-by could be seen and spoken to, if need be. But why he came to a sudden halt in his labor, and why the hatchet and the chopping-block were in disuse for a time, I could not understand, until, without being an eavesdropper, I heard his explanation given to a caller. A little bird had built its nest in the apple-tree branches; and, while brooding over the promised young, the kindly spirit of this poor old man would not allow any disturbance to nest or bird. He would wait until the wings were grown and voluntary flight had vacated the birdlings' home.

But I grieved to see the step grow feeblier and age give many warnings from time to time.

He would pat "Old Ben" on the head and say, "Poor fellow, I hope some one will care for you when I am gone"; and I wondered if his old birch cane had as tender a thought from him. I thought it must have, else it might have been given to the fire and passed out of the big chimney in smoke.

The day came when he no more took me in his hand, for he needed no more support from me. But I still live curled in the corner of a closet nearby my old home, and sometimes a hand presses me in a loving way, and I hear a voice saying, "This was dear old uncle's cane." Then I am carefully put back, as though I was more precious than an old birch stick.

THE BASKET OF THE DAY.

INTO the basket of the day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share,
And finding blessings everywhere.

Priscilla Leonard, in the Outlook.

For Every Other Sunday

THE MEADOW LARKS' LETTER.

BY CORA E. HARRIS.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

My dear Boys and Girls,—Please take us for your valentine this year. If you did not get as many as you wished, we will certainly have a chance.

Shall I tell you why? Well, there are many reasons. In the first place our family was best loved of all the birds by a good saint who lived many, many years ago. This good Saint Francis loved everybody and everything.

Now is it not a very great compliment to have been so loved, and have we not a right to feel a little proud, not vain of course?

"And why did he love you best?" you will ask.

His first reason given was, we are such humble birds. We scorn not to earn our living in the lowliest places, doing the humblest work that needs doing. In the second place we are so happy and thankful withal. Rising from our work, we soar and we sing praises to Him who gave us this beautiful world.

This good saint once preached us a sermon, and he had a fine looking congregation, I can tell you. Birds of every feather flocked together that day most surely. Mother Earth furnished a pulpit that the flowers and grasses decorated most gracefully. Brother Sun gave heat and light,—too much of the latter in fact for the night birds, whose eyes cannot bear the sun's bright rays. But the good trees came to the rescue and provided seats and plenty of shade for all. The sweet blue sky smiled a welcome to each, while Brother Wind whispered "Amen" and "Amen" to the good preacher's words. You see, everybody and everything was ready to help, and I'm sure you can guess why.

As the sermon drew to a close, every bird was on his very best behavior. The cruel

birds seemed kind and gentle, the thieving birds would steal no more, the chattering, scolding birds grew quiet or softened their voices to suit the occasion. We larks sat nearest the preacher and lingered longest when the sermon was done, in order to get a special kind word from him. But finally we soared away, singing our grandest chorus.

Now, my dear children, after the snow takes its last journey in sail boat or cloud boat, we shall journey from this southland to our summer home. For a while we shall be very hard at work in meadows and ploughed fields, killing those insect pests that would swoop down upon the farmer's crops,—a destroying army, were it not for the united efforts of the birds.

After we have worked long enough to pay rent for the season, we shall select some cosey corner for a nest, preferably a place where the tall grasses can bend over us in tent fashion. This little tent home will be the dearest spot on earth to us because we love our little mates and baby birds so much. We shall stay there as much as possible, not only to sing to them, but to work for them as well. If anything sad should happen to our little mate, there will be dark days for us indeed, although it be at the most beautiful season of the year and you may hear our plaintive cry, "Where are you dear? Where are you dear?"

We are not the prettiest birds in all the world, but then we look well enough, and to be useful is more than to be beautiful, we are told. Our tail feathers and wing feathers next the body are scalloped with gray and black, and our outside wing feathers are white. Our breasts are nearly yellow, with a black crescent on each, the seal of our order. Our bills are stout and tapering at the point, and our length is ten or eleven inches,—pretty good size for song birds.

Now, children, have we not given reasons enough for you to watch out for us, to make our acquaintance at the earliest possible date? Anyway as soon as you find strawberries growing red in the meadows. Love both the singer and the song, and we shall be as happy as though good Saint Francis were again in the world.

Sincerely yours,

THE MEADOW LARKS.

For Every Other Sunday.

A NICE SILKY CASE.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

"I WISH that you would take this book up to papa's study."

"Yes, he will want to be using it this very forenoon. He forgot it and left it here on the table."

"I like to do errand things to my dear papa," answered little Madge, and away she tripped with the book.

"There, now we can slip off to the woods without her tagging after us," laughed Grace. "She will never guess where we have gone to."

"Yes, indeed," said her cousin Julia, "she will stay in the study for an hour or two. She never seems to mistrust anything when we try to get rid of her by sending her on errands." And Julia laughed merrily.

"She likes to have papa read to her out of those big books of his," the girl added as the two hurried out of doors; "and I think they are just as dull and stuffy as they can be."

"I don't like them either," Grace admitted, as the two went along. "But Madge just listens and listens as if she understood all about those men and women who lived such a long time ago."

"It's a good thing for us, though. It gives us a chance to have a fine time in the woods."

The girls strolled on for two hours. A still longer time they might have spent under the fine old trees had not a peal of thunder startled them and sent them running homeward as fast as they could. They reached the house just as the big drops of rain began to patter on the roof.

"Children," Mr. Murray called to them, as if he had not known of their having gone to the woods.

"They've just missed us," said Julia, "and they will never know that we have been out of the house."

Grace laughed as she answered, "Here we are, papa."

"They never mistrusted that we had been anywhere," said Julia that night when she and her cousin were alone in their room. "Madge thought we had been reading just as she and her papa were doing."

Then she uttered a quick cry as she put her hand in her pocket.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I've lost mamma's letter. It had my money in it. She charged me to be sure and keep it very safely, too. I must have dropped it down in the woods. This heavy shower will spoil it."

"Have you got a bad pain in your head, that made you call out so?" asked Madge, at the chamber door before Grace could say a word.

"Oh, my mother's letter!" moaned Julia.

"Your letter? That is hanging right here on your door. It is in a nice silky case, just like the one the man papa read to me about to-day kept his letters in."

"What does she mean?" asked Julia.

But Grace quickly opened the door, and, sure enough, there was the missing letter hanging on the door as the little girl had said.

"I found it all blowing away on the lawn when the storm first started," explained Madge.

"Yes," said the little girl's papa, as Julia uttered her deep thankfulness because the letter was found, "and it would have been spoiled if she had not seen it. I had been reading to her about the good William Allen of England, and how he prized his mother's letters so much that he had a very strong pocketbook made in which to keep them."

"And it was just right then that I saw your letter and things switching about the lawn," said Madge.

"Oh, I see how much you saved for me, and that your dear little fingers made this case of bright silk, so that I would have it for keeping the precious things of my mother. This is so pretty and so good of you." And she bent down and kissed the fair little face.

"Some of the stitches are a little too long," said Madge; "but I wanted to put them all in myself."

"Just to think how the little dear helped me!" said Julia, with tears of gratitude, when she and her cousin were alone once more. "I must have pulled that letter out of my pocket in our hurry to run away from her and get to the woods. And she got the idea of making this silk case from the very book with which we sent her up to her papa. This is a lesson that I shall ever remember."

GOD SEES.

GOD looks at the work you do for him, and he also looks at the way you do it. A little thing done in a great spirit is better and more pleasing to him than a much greater thing done in a little spirit.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor is often reminded of the part memory plays in the affairs of life, and he believes in the practice of committing to memory ("learning by heart," we used to say at school) short extracts of prose and poetry. They elevate our tastes, enlarge our intellectual resources, maintain our standards of judgment, and open the door to pleasures of literature.

But this habit does more. It has to do with action and character. If memory has on deposit such treasures of golden thoughts, they must be available as motives and as encouragement to right living and noble deeds. They kindle hope, arouse courage, impart consolation, and support self-control.

We recall Senator Hoar's custom on Sundays at church. In the time before services began he would take the hymn book, turn to some page, catch the first line, close the book, and repeat to himself all he could remember of that hymn, and thus on with many others. Dr. C. W. Eliot succinctly sets forth the value of this memorizing habit to the young as a medium of moral and religious instruction.

Our point here and now is the importance of establishing this usage in home and Sunday School. Let there be regularity and system. The selections should be wisely chosen; let them be brief rather than of burdensome length; one diamond sentence or paragraph often outranks in memory's bank the ponderous page or the long leaden poem.

We have too much scorned or disparaged the rank of memory as an educational and character-making resource. By use it grows strong, it gives confidence to our minds, it is a feeder to imagination, it is the soil of originality.

Read much, but not many works.

SIR W. HAMILTON.

THE GREATEST GIFT.

WHAT would I bring to you,
O little one of mine,
If I the right possessed
To choose one thing—the best
Of gifts—and make it thine?
What would I bring, you ask;
I would not loiter where
The painted tops are piled,
For, O my precious child,
I could not find it there.

What would I bring to you
If I one choice possessed?
No gem that men have brought
From any mine, and not
A treasure you have guessed.
If I might choose, I'd bring
No product to the mart
To soon be cast away,
But you should have for aye
A brave and hopeful heart.

S. B. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

THINGS PEOPLE OUGHT TO KNOW.

THAT a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm

and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a hearty loyalty to his friends and his God. *Selected.*

THE SIX GREATEST WOMEN.

WHO are the six greatest women in America? is the question being discussed just now by the club-women of the country. "The women whose actual achievements and wide-spread influence gives them precedence over women," it is explained. In one list Julia Ward Howe has been chosen as one of the six because of her long life of patriotism and usefulness, Jane Addams because of her helpfulness and practical reforms among the poor, Helen Keller for her wonderful perseverance in overcoming obstacles, Maud Ballington Booth for her work in uplifting the fallen, Frances Folsom Cleveland as the embodiment of American wifehood and motherhood, Helen Gould for her philanthropy.

Exchange.

The language of the face is not taught by the schools: it is intuitive, and to the observant is always legible.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MOTHER NATURE.

NATURE, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest—
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampart squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon,—
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky

With infinite affection
And infinite care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

EMILY DICKINSON.

RECREATION CORNER.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I am writing for the boys in my Sunday-School class. They number six, and range from ten to thirteen years of age.

I got them interested in the "Recreation Corner," and we have become acquainted and attached to each other by working over the puzzles and reporting our luck. And so we have tried making one up ourselves, and I am sending it in to you, and, if it is all right, we hope to see it printed.

If so, please print it as sent by the "Junior Golden Rule Class."

I remain,

Respectfully yours,

N. I. H. (teacher of above-mentioned class).

ENIGMA XXII.

I AM composed of 10 letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is something used by Norwegians.

My 3, 4, 7, is something found on damp mornings.

My 1, 2, is an abbreviation of one of the United States.

My 8, 6, 7, is something done by dressmakers.

My 1, 4, 2, 5, is a fruit.

My whole is a noted musical composer and player.

EMILY G. HENRY.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I AM composed of 19 letters.

My 12, 15, 2, 14, 6, 17, is round.

My 7, 5, 10, 14, is a part of a building.

My 19, 8, 9, 13, is a receptacle.

My 4, 11, 18, 3, is a musical instrument.

My 16, 5, 9, 1, is one who entertains.

My whole is a passage in the Bible.

EMMA M. WHITFORD.

BACKWARD SPELLING.

A POPULAR game becomes to beat.

Water in motion becomes a wild animal.

Opposite of old becomes a tumor.

The cry of a chicken becomes to look slyly.

A metal fastener becomes to pinch.

Used in fishing becomes a number.

A metal becomes the egg of an insect.

Exchange.

SQUARE WORD.

1. OPPOSITE to good.

2. Something to drink.

3. The lair of a wild beast.

CAROLYN WATERHOUSE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XIX.—Where there is a will there is a way.

ADDITION.—MIX. VIM. DIM.

CHARADES.—1. Acute. 2. Omit. 3. Incur.

We have received communications—letters, answers, puzzles—from the following: Henry W. Pinkham, Denver, Col.; Shirley L. Beran, Castine, Me.; Bertha Haigh, Westwood, Mass.; Frances E. Allen, New York City; Stanley Birch, Belmont, Mass.; Edward McGlenen, Jr., Dorchester, Mass.; Henry A. Jenks, Canton, Mass.

To the pupils of the Junior Golden Rule Class we send word that the enigma will appear in our next issue, March 27. To our young friend who sends his two puzzles "to know if you think they are good," we answer: "Yes, they are all right. One of them will be used very soon."

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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